

THE
SYNAGOGUE,
OR,
THE SHADOW
OF THE
TEMPLE.

SACRED POEMS,
AND
PRIVATE EJA-
CULATIONS;

In imitation of Mr. GEORGE

HERBERT.
By Christopher Harvey.

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

*Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima
quaque proponere.*

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

The third Edition, corrected
and enlarged.

Christopher Harvey

Printed for Philemon Stephens, at the guilded
Lion in Pauls Church-yard. 1657.

TO THE AUTHOR.

HE that doth imitate must comprehend;
Verse, Matter, Order, Titles, Spirit, Wit;
For these all our Church-Poet doth intend,
And He who hath this Imitation writ.
O glory of the time! best English Singer,
Happy both be the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. L.

R. Langford
of Gray's Inn, Counsellor at Law.

Subterlininare.

Dic, cuius Templum est Christi. Quid condidit? Ede;
Condidit Herbertus. Dic, quibus auxiliis?
Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est,
Tanta est ex diis in oriunda mole,
Gratia, si dicam, deduxit omnia, protinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua,
Ars negat, et nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
Divide: Materiam des gratia, materiaque
Ingenium cultus induat, arsque modos.
Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus istis,
Nec forsita velint iura vocera sua
Nimpe pari sibi iure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
Materiaque, ars, et gratia, et ingenium.
Ergo, velis si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti talia disse dabis.
In Templo Herbertus condendo est gratia tota,
Ars pariter tota, totumque ingenium.
Cedite Romani, Graeci quoque cedite Atque;
Unum par cunctis Anglia iudat opus.

A stopping-stone to the threshold
of Mr. Herberts Church-porch.

What Church is this? Christs Church, Who builded
Master George Herbert. Who assisted it?
Many assisted: who I may not say,
So much contention might arise that way,
If I say grace gave all, wit straighe doth thwart,
And sayes, all that is there is mine: but are
Denies, and sayes there's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I easily the right define.
Divide: say, grace the matter gave, and wit
Did polish it: art measur'd, and made fit,
Each sev'ral piece, and fram'd it all together.
No, by no means: this may not please them nei-
None's well contented with a part alone (ther,
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expressions, and the measures,
Are equally arts, wits, and graces treasures.
Then he, that would impartially discusse
This doubtful question, must answer thus:
In building of his Temple Master Herbert
Is equally all grace, all wit, all art.
Roman and Grecian Muses all give way:
One English Poem darknen's all your day.

The Dedication.

L Ord, my first fruits should have been sent to
For thou the tree (thou;
That bare them, onely lentest unto me.

But, while I had the use, the fruit was mine :
Not so divine,
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell unto the ground :
And since I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound,

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou knowst how :
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 'tis here. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

A 3

The

The Dedication.

O, my soul, thou shouldst have been kinder,
Hearken thou the word (these)
That have been, only I have not.

But while I had the life, the truth was mine;
I had the life, the truth was mine;
I had the life, the truth was mine.

Before 'twas ripe, it fell upon the ground;
And I had found
It buried in the dirt, not clean, not found.

And I have given, and with it, and with it,
I have given, and with it, and with it,
I have given, and with it, and with it.

And I have given, and with it, and with it,
I have given, and with it, and with it,
I have given, and with it, and with it.

The

A

The Church-yard.

THou, that intendest to the Church to day,
Come take a turn, or two, before thou go'st,
In the Church-yard; the walk is in thy way.
Who takes best heed in going, hasteth most:
But he that unprepared rashly ventures,
Hastens perhaps to seal his death's indentures.

The Church-stile.

SEest thou that stile? Observe then how it rises,
Step after step, and equally descends:
Such is the way to winne celestial prizes:
Humility the course begins, and ends.
Would'st thou in grace to high perfections grow,
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy self, and God will lift thee up:
Those that exalt themselves he casteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to sup,
And cloaths the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou hast, what thou from him would'st
His labour's lost, if thou thy self canst save. (have)

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
Which casteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps its place,
And gains by giving, riseth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to lose by keeping,
Is to be sad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The Church-gate.

NExt to the stile, see where the gate doth stand,
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may
Easly be shut, or open'd with an hand;
Yet constant to its center still doth stay,
And fetching a wide compasse round about,
Keeps the same course, and distance, never out

Such must the course be that to heaven tends,
He that the gates of righteousness would enter,
Must still continue constant to his ends,
And fixe himself in God, as in his center.

Cleave close to him by faith, then move which way
Discretion leads thee, and thou shalt not stray.

We never wander, till we lose our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own strength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aside.

He holds us up, whilst in him we are found:
If once we fall from him, we go to ground.

The Church-walls.

Now view the walls: the Church is compass'd
As much for safety, as for ornament: (round,
'Tis an inclosure, and no common ground:
'Tis Gods free hold, and but our tenement,
Tenants at will, and yet in taile, we be:
Our children have the same right co't as we.

Remember there must be no gaps left ope,
VWhere God hath fene'd, for fear of false illusions.
God will have all, or none; allows no scope

For

The Synagogue.

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For sins incroachments, or mens own intrusions.
Close binding locks his laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all or else for none:
Obedience universal he doth claime.
Either be wholly his, or all thinge own:
At what thou canst not reach, at least take ayme:
He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
might as wel hood-winch't shoot, or in the dark,

The Church.

Lastly consider where the Church doth stand,
As near unto the middle as may be:
God in his service chiefly doth command,
Above all other things sincerity.

Lines drawn from side to side within a round;
Not meeting in the center, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing,
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him:
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
Must fetch it from the bottome, not the brim.

A sacred temple of the holy Ghost
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchymie,
That casts a golden tincture upon brasse:
There is no essence in it: 'tis a lye.

Though fairly stamp't for truth it often passe:
Onely the Spirit *aqua regia* doth
Discover it to be but painted froth.

The

The Synagogue.

The Church-porch.

NOW, e're thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church-porch, and think what thou hast
Let due consideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory :
And first resolve of, what thou heardest last,
Sincerity; It blots the history
Of all religious actions, and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but our sides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, grudge not :
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own;
Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good; who seeketh more
Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon Integrity,
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words, thy works. A nullity
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find
That there is any one thing left behinde.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Meete his commandment
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Until it reach unto the same extent.
For all his precepts are of equal strength,

And

The Synagogue.

And measure thy performance to the length:
Then call to mind that constancy must knit
Thine undertakings and thine actions fast:
He that sets forth tow'rd heaven, and doth sit
Down by the way, will be found short at last.
Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he, that would be constant, must not take
Religion up by fits, and starts alone;
But his continual practice must it make:
His course must be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again,
Lose of their length, though in their strength they
gain,
Lastly, remember that Humility
Must solidate, and keep all close together:
What pride puffs up with vain frutillity,
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather.
An empty bubble may fair colours carry;
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor under-rate
Others worth, but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy spiritual state,
And others graces, with impartial eye,
The more thou deemest of thy self, the less
Esteem of thee will all men else expresse.

Contrast thy lesson now, and this is just
The sum of all. He that desires to see
The face of God, in his religion must
Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.
If thus resolved, fear not to proceed: (speed.
Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'll

Church.

Church-Utensils.

BETWIXT two dang'rous rocks, Prophanesse on
Th'one side, on th'other Superstition,
How shall I sail secure?

Lord, be my steerf-man, hold my helm,
And then, though windes with waves ore-
(whelm

My sailes, I will endure:
Be patiently. The bottom of the sea
Is safe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'le ruggle my tacklings then, I'le ply mine oars,
And cry a figge for fear. He that adores

The giddy multitude
So much, as to despise my rhymes;
Because they tune not to the times;

I with may not intrude
His presence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love Gods house, will like his household-stuffe.

The Font.

THe font, I say. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of stone?
Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from sin and uncleannesse washeth clear?

And may not beggers well contented be
Their first almes at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may see
Others within that bolder make,
Low places will serve guests of low degree.

What?

The Synagogue.

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What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-blood run forth?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:

Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter: yet, untill

The blessed Sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comeliness

Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:

Yet I will hugge mine homely state,
And povertie with patience richly dresse.

Regeneration is all in all,

Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seale, and instrument thereof; I call

The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's, as federal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,

By cov'nants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs, be not afraid,

My soule, to rest upon
The covenant of grace by mercy made.

Doe but thy duty, and rely upon't,

Repentance; faith, obedience,
When ever practis'd truly, will amount

To an authenticke evidence,
Though th' deed were antedated as the Song

The

The reading Puc.

Here my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
 Here seasoneth her infant tast,
 And ather mother-nurse the Churches duggs
 With lab'ring lips and tongue she tuggs.
 For that sincere milk, which alone doth feed
 Babes new born of immortal seed:
 Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
 Must be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
 Sure have a purpose to obtrude
 Some dictates of their own, instead of Gods
 Revealed will, his word. 'Tis odds,
 They do not mean to pay men currant coyn,
 Who seek the standard to purloyn,
 And would reduce all tryals to their own,
 Both touch-stones, ballances, and weights, alone.

What reasonable man would not misdoube
 Those comments, that the text leaves out?
 And that their main intent is alteration,
 Who dote so much on variation,
 That no set formes at all they can endure
 To be prescrib'd, or put in ure
 Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
 If not all wast, yet common all to lay.

But, why should he, that thinks himself well grown,
 Be discontent that such a one,
 As knows himself an infant yet, should be
 Dandled upon his mothers knee,
 And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
 More strength and stomach? Why should not
 Nurslings

Nurflings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kinde ?

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair,
Instead of feet to climbe, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie,
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn, before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks to lay his ground-works low,
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To take degrees, *per saltum*, though of quick
Dispatch, is but a truants trick.

Let us learn first to know our letters well,
Then syllables, then words to spell;
Then to read plainly, ere we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.

I doubt their preaching is not alwayes true,
Whose way to th' Pulpit's not the reading Puc.

The Book of Common Prayer.

What Pray'r by th' book ? And Common ?
Yes, Why not ?

The Spirit of grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place ;
But manner too, To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
With's heart, what with his mouth he sayes.

They that in private by themselves alone,
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the wayes, Wherein

The Synagogue.

Wherein to make
 Their souls most intimate affections known
 To him that sees in secret, when
 Th'are most conceal'd from other men.

But he, that unto others leads the way
 In publick pray'r,
 Should chose to do it so,
 As all, that hear, may know
 They need not fear
 To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and say
 Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
 To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.

Devotion will adde life unto the letter.
 And why should not
 That, which authority
 Prescribes, esteemed be
 Advantage got?
 If th'Pray'r be good, the commoner, the better.
 Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
 As sense, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

The Bible.

THe Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
 The Book of Books:
 On which who looks,
 As he should do aright, shall never need
 Wish for a better light
 To guide him in the night:
 Or, when he hungry is, for better food
 To feed upon,
 Than this alone,
 If he bring stomach, and digestion good:

And

The Synagogue.

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And if he be amisse,
This the best physick is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for ev'ry sore,
And sicknesse, which
The poore, and rich
With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An antidote, as well
As remedie 'gainst hell.

'Tis heaven in perspective, and the blisse
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on earth anticipated is,
Whilst faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the Looking-glasse of souls, wherein
All men may see,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature th' are, deform'd with sin
Or in a better case,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spir'tual armes,
Wherein doth lye
Th' artillerie
Of heaven ready charg'd against all harmes,
That might come by the blowes
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd so,
That every man may know which shall be his;
Unless his own mistake
False application make.

It

It is the Index to Eternitie.

He cannot misse
Of endlesse blisse
That takes this chart to steer his voyage by.
Nor can he be mistook,
That speaketh by this Book.

A Book, to which no Book may be compar'd
For excellence ;
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be shar'd.
Divinitie alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I should
Say, God of Books ?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expression, as too bold,
His thoughts in silence smother,
Till he finds such another.

The Pulpit.

Is dinner time ; and now I look
For a full meal. God send me a good cook,
This is the dresser bord, and here
I wait in expectation of good chear.
I'm sure the Master of the house
Enough to entertain his guests allows ;
And not enough of some one sort alone,
But choyce of what best fitteth ev'ry one.

God grant me taste and stomach good :
My feeding will diversifie my food,
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digestion, that makes good meat.

The best food in it self will be,
Not fed on wel, poyson, not food, to me.
Let him that speaks look to his words; my eare
Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of heaven, Angels food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow;
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine: where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain powreth forth
Water, wine, milk, oyl, honey, and the word
Of all transcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
Infinite answerable; so,
That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life; and whilst they spare
To come and take it, they must blame
Themselves, if they continue still the same.
The body's fed by food, which it
Assimilates, and to it self doth fit:
But, that the soul may feed, it self must be
Transformed to the word, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must be
As new born babes, when ever they it see,
Desiring, not despising it.
For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
Themselves in time, until they can

Get

The

Get by degrees (which best be seem a man)
Experience, exercised senses, able
Good to discern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I see
The steward reaching out a messe for me.

Resolve I'll take it thankfully,
VWhat e'er it be, and feed on't heartily.

Although no Benjamins choice messe,
Five times as much as others, but far less;
Yea, if't be but a basket full of crums,
I'll blesse the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited guest, I will
Be bold, but mannerly withall, sit still

And see what th' Master of the feast
VWill carve unto me, and account that best,

VWhich he doth choose for me, not I
My self desire: yea, though I should espy
Some fault in th' dressing, in the dishing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholsome, though
The sauce shall not be toothsome, I'll not go

Empty away, and starve my soul,
To feed my foolish phancy; but controule

My appetite to dainty things,
VWhich oft instead of strength diseases brings:
But, if my Pulpit-hopes shall all prove vain,
I'll back unto the reading Pue again.

The Communion Table.

Here stands my banquet ready, the last course,
And best provision,
That I must feed upon,
Till death my soule and body shall divorce,

And

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.

The name I stick not at:

Whether 't be this, or that,

I care not much, so that I may be able

Truly to know

Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it is made,

The matter is not much,

Although it be of such,

Of wood, or mettal, what will last, or fade;

So vanitie,

And superstition ayoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found

Of any fashion,

That can be thought upon,

Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round;

If close it be,

Fixt, open, moveable, all's one to me.

And yet, methinks, at a Communion

In uniformity

There's greatest decency,

And that which maketh most for union:

But needlessly

To vary, tends to the breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'll give, I wil nor take,

Offence if it be given,

So that I be not driven

To thwart authority, & partle make

For faction,

Or side, but seemingly, in th' action.

At a Communion I wish I might
 Have no cause to suspect
 Any, the least, defect
 Of unity and peace, either in sight
 Apparently,
 Or in mens hearts concealed secretly;

That, which ordained is to make men one,
 More than before they were,
 Should not it self appear,
 Though but appeare, distinctly divers. None
 Too much can see
 Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.

If others will dissent, and vary, who
 Can help it? If I may
 As hath been done alway,
 By th' best, and most; I will my self do so.
 Of one accord
 The servants should be of one God, one Lord.

Communion Plate.

NEver was gold, or silver, graced thus
 Before.
 To bring this body, and this blood, to us;
 Is more,
 Then to crown Kings,
 Or be made rings,
 For star-like diamonds to glitter in.

No precious stones are meet to match this bread
 Divine.
 Spirits of pearles dissolyed would but dead
 This wine.
 This heav'nly food

The Synagogue.

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Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For such inestimable treasure can

There be
Vessels too costly made by any man?

Sure ha
That knows the meat

So good to eat,
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctitie's not ty'd

To state,
Yet sure religion should not be env'y'd

The face
Of meaner worth,

To be set forth,
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King, unto whose crosse all Kings must vail

Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full course strike sail:

Whole frowns,
And smiles give date

Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weale, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice: and whose word

Is pow'r,
And wisdom both, A King, vvhom to afford

An how'r
Of service truly

Perform'd, and duly,
Is to bespeak eternitie of blisse.

VVhen such a King offers to come to me,
As food,

Shal I suppose his carriages can be

To

The Synagogue.

Too good?
No. Stars to gold
Turn'd; never could
Be rich enough, to be employed so,

If I might wish, then I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When we should see:
But, till that be,
I'll rest contente'd with it as it is.

Church-Officers.

Say, Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch'd.
If I chance to say any thing amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,
I must expect whole swarms of waspes to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me:

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted men:

Others into the number more would bring,

Then I see warrant for: So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
Through prejudice, or partialitie.

But 'tis no matter: if men censure me,

They but my fellow servants are:
Our Lord allows us all like libertie.

I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men: and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

The Sexton.

THE Churches key-keeper opens the door,
 And shuts it, sweeps the floor,
 Rings bells, diggs graves, and fills them up again :
 All Emblemes unto men,

Openly owning Christianitie,
 To marke, and learn many good lessons by.

O thou that hast the key of David, who
 Open'st and shuttest so,
 That none can shut, or open after thee,
 Vouchsafe thy self to be
 Our souls door-keeper, by thy blessed spirit:
 The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanse thou our sin-soyl'd soules from th' dirt and
 Of ev'ry noysome lust, (dust
 Brought in by the foule feet of our affections;
 The beelome of afflictions,

With th' blessing of thy spirit added to it,
 If thou be pleas'd to say it shall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
 Jangled they have, and jarr'd,
 So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
 They seem not now the same.

Put them in frame anew, and once begin
 To tune them so, that they chime all in.

Let all our sins be bury'd in thy grave,
 No longer rant and rave,
 As they have done, to our eternal shame,
 And th' scandal of thy name.

Let's as door-keepers in thine house attend,
 Rather than th' throne of wickednesse ascend.

The Cleark.

THe Churches Bible-Cleark attends
 Her Utenfils, and ends
 Her prayers with Amen,
 Tunes Psalms, and to the Sacraments
 Brings in the Elements,
 And takes them out again,
 Is humble minded, and industrious handed,
 Doth nothing of himself, but as commanded.

All that the vessels of the Lord
 Do bear with one accord
 Must study to be pure,
 As they are: if his holy eye
 Do any spot espy,
 He cannot it endure,
 But most expecteth to be sanctifi'd
 In those come nearest him, and glorifi'd.

Psalms then are alwayes tuned best,
 When there is most exprest
 The holy penmans heart:
 All Musick is but discord, where
 That wants, or doth not bear
 The first and chiefeft part,
 Voices, without affections answerable,
 VVhen best, to God are most abominable.

Though in the blessed Sacraments
 The outward Elements
 Are but as husks and shells;
 Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
 If even those send forth
 Some Aromatick smells,
 VVill not esteem it wast, lest Judas-like
 Through Maries side he Christ himself should strike

The Synagogue!

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Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to speak or think, well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleasing be,
Not to our selves but thee,
And answer thy command,
So that, not we alone, but thou may'st say
Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overseer of the Poor.

The Churches Almoner takes care, that none,
In their necessity,
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or employment : those alone,
Whom careless idleness,
Or riotous excess,
Condemnes to needlesse want, he leaves to be
Chastened awhile by their own povertie.

Thou, gracious Lord, rich in thy self, dost give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being :
But there is more than seeing
For th' poor with thee : they are thy special charge;
To them thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.
Four sorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st,
Though alwayes differently,
With such indifferency,
That none hath reason to complain : thou heal'st
All those whom thou dost wound :
If there be any found
Hurt by themselves, thou leav'st them to endure
The paine, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

B. 2

Some

Some in the world are poor, and rich in faith :
 Their outward poverty

A plentiful supply
 Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
 And their estate is blest
 In this above the rest;

It was thy choyce, whilst thou on earth did'st stay,
 And had'st not whereupon thy head to lay.

Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
 Although not many such :

And no man needs to grutch
 Their happinesse, who, to maintain that pitch,
 Have an hard task in hand,
 Nor eas'ly can withstand

The strong temptations that attend on riches:
 Mountains are more expos'd to stormes than ditches,

Some rich in th' world are spirituallly poor,
 And destitute of grace.

V Who may perchance have
 In the Church upon earth; but heavens door
 Too narrow is t' admit
 Such camels in at it,

Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
 Wherein the true treasure doth hidden ly.

Some spirituallly poor, and destitute

Of grace in th' world are poor,
 Begging from door to door,

Accursed both in Gods and mans repute,
 Till by their miseries

Tutor'd they learn to prize
 Hungring and thirsting after righteousness,
 Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happinesse.

Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve

Me how thou wilt thy self,
 No want of worldly pelf

Shal

Shall make me discontented, fret and grieve.

I know thine almes are best :

But, above all the rest,

Condemne me not unto the hell of riches,

Without thy grace to countercharme the witches.

The Church-Warden.

THe Churches guardian takes care to keep

Her buidings alwayes in repaire,

Unwilling that any decay should creep

On them, before he is aware.

Nothing defac'd

Nothing displac'd

He likes; but most doth long and love to see

The living stones order'd as they should be.

Lord, thou not only super-visor art

Of all our works; but in all those,

Which we dare own, thine is the chiefest part :

For there is none of us, that knows

How to do well :

Nor can we tell

What we should doe, untill by thee directed:

It prospers not that's by our selves projected.

That, which we think our selves to mend, we marre,

And often make it tenne times worse :

Reforming of religion by warre

Is th' chymick blessing of a curse.

Great odds it is,

That we shall misse

Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot

By any but By thine own means be got.

'Tis strange we so much dote upon our own

Deformitie, and others lorne.

As if our selves were beautiful alone :

When that which did us most adorne

We

The Synagogue.

We purposely
 Choole to lay by
 Such decency and order, as did place us
 In high'st esteem, and guard as well as grace us.

Is not thy daughter glorious within,
 When cloath'd in needle-work without?

Or is't not rather both their shame and sin,
 That change her roab into a clout,

Too narrow, and

Too thin, to stand

Her need in any stead, much lesse to be
 An ornament fit for her high degree.

Take pittie on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:

Cloath all her enemies with shame:

All the despiht that's done unto her reaches

To the dishonour of thy name,

Make all her sons,

Rich precious stones,

To shine each of them in his proper place,

Receiving of thy fulnesse grace for grace.

The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Minister.

True, taken generally:

And without any sinister

Intent, us'd specially,

Hee's purposely ordain'd to Minister,

In sacred things, t' another officer,

At whose appointment, in whose stead,

He doth what he should do,

In some things, not in all: is led

By law, and custom too.

Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he

Thinks this sufficient authority.

Lores.

The Synagogue.

29

Loves not to vary, when he sees
No great necessitie,
To whar's commanded he agrees,
With all humilitie;
Knowing how highly God submission prizes,
Plea'd with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'st of thy self professe
Thou wast as one that serv'd,
And freely choicest to go lesse,
Though none so much deserv'd.
With what face can we then refuse to be
Enter'd thy servants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humilitie:
But we, proud generation,
No difference of degree
In holy orders will allow, nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But, if thy precept cannot doe't,
To make us humbly serve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If still from both we swerve,
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t' use the the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
Whom thou hast left to be
Thy vicar here, we may inherit,
And minister to thee,
Though not so well as thou may'st well expect,
Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be t' accept.

The Priest.

THe Priest, I say: the Presbyter, I mean,
As now adays hee's call'd.

B. 4.

By

By many men : but I choole to retain
 The name wherewith instal'd
 He was at first in our own mother tongue :
 And doing so, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Priest, I say, 's a middle Officer
 Between the Bishop and
 The Deacon, as a middle offerer,
 Which in the Church doth stand
 Between God and the people, ready prest
 In the behalf of both to do his best.

From him to them offers the promises
 Of mercy which he makes;
 For them to him doth all their faults confesse,
 Their pray'rs and praises takes,
 And offers for them, at the throne of grace:
 Contentedly attending his own place.

The word and sacraments, the means of grace,
 He duly doth dispence,
 The flourishes of falshood to deface,
 VVith truthe clear evidence;
 And sins usurped tyranny suppresses,
 B' advancing righteousness, and holinesse.

The publick censures of the Church he sees
 To execution brought:
 But nothing rashly of himself decrees:
 Nor covets to be thought
 VViser than his superiours; whom alwayes
 He actively, or passively obeyes.

Lord Jesus, thou the Mediatour art
 Of the new Testament,
 And fully did'st performe thy double part
 Of God and man, when sent

To reconcile the world, and to atone
Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.

Thou, after the order of Melchisedeck,

Thou art a Priest for ever.

With perfect righteousness thy self do'st deck,

Such as decayeth never.

Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,

Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.

Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,

And didst his hon'our seek,

More than thine own: well may it then repent thee,

Being thy self so meek,

To have admitted them into the place

Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.

Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,

Before it ruine bring

Upon thy poor despis'd Church, transform'd

As if it were no such thing:

Thou that the God of order art, and peace,

Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

The Bishop.

The Bishop? Yes: why not? VVhat doth that name

Import that is unlawful, or unfit?

To say the Overseer is the same

In substance, and no hurt, I hope, in it:

But sure if men did not despise the thing,

Such scorn upon the name they would not bring.

Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be:

Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure,

But one superiour, to oversee

Them all together, they will not endure:

This the maine difference is, that I can see,

Bishops they would not have, but they would be.

But who can shew of old that ever any
 Presbyteries without their Bishops were,
 Though Bishops without Presbyteries many,
 At first must needs be, almost every where?

That Presbyters from Bishops first arose,
 T' assist them, 's probable, not these from those.

However, a true Bishop I esteem
 The highest officer the Church on earth
 Can have, as proper to it self, and deem
 A Church without one an imperfect birth,
 If constituted so at first, and maimed,
 If whom it had, it afterward disclaimed.

All order first from unitie ariseth,
 And th' essence of it is subordination,
 VWho ever this contemnes, and that despiseth,
 May talk of, but intends not, reformation.

'Tis not of God, of nature, or of art,
 T' ascribe to all what's proper to one part,

To rule and to be ruled are distinct
 And sev'ral duties, sev'rally belong
 To sev'ral persons can no more be link'd
 In all together, than amidst the throng
 Of rude unruly passions, in the heart,
 Reason can see to act her soveraigne part.

But a good Bishop, as a tender father,
 Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd,
 And rev'renc'd by it, so much the father,
 By how much he delighteth more to lead

All by his own example in the way,
 Then punish any, when they go astray.

Lord, thou the Bishop, and chief Shepherd, art
 Of all that flock, which thou hast purchased
 VVith thine own blood: to them thou do'st impart
 The benefits, which thou hast merited,

Teaching, and ruling, by thy blessed spirit,
 Their souls in grace, till glory they inherit,

The

The stars which thou dost hold in thy right hand;
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy will to understand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect,
Nor fault, no nor in our New Prelaticks,
Provoke thee to remove our candle-sticks.

But, let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praise t' adorne thine holy ones;
Light and perfection let all men see
Brightly shine forth in those rich precious stones,
Of whom thou wilt make a foundation,
To raise thy new Hierusalem upon.

And, at the brightnesse of its rising, let
All nations with thy people shout for joy:
Salvation for wals and bulwarks set
About it, that nothing may it annoy.

Then the whole world thy diocesse shall be,
And Bishops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Festivals.

M Arrow of time, Eternitie in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief-
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all past present and succeeding ages,
Sublimate graces, anticated glories,
The creame of holinesse,
The inventories
Of future blessednesse,
The Florilegia of celestial stories,
Spirits of joyes, the relishes and closes
Of Angels musick, pearls dissolved, roses
Perfumed, sugar'd hony-combs, delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The marriage rites,
V Which duly solemniz'd

VVhen espoused souls to bridal nights,
 Gilded sun-beams, refined Elixirs,
 And quintessential extracts of stars;
 VVho loves not you, doth but in vain profess
 That he loves God, or heaven, or happiness.

The Sabbath. Or Lords day.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| H Aaile | Vaile |
| Holy | VVholly |
| King of dayes | To thy praise, |
| The Emperour, | For evermore, |
| Or universal | Must the reherial |
| Monarch of time, the weeks | Of all, that honour seeks |
| Perpetual Dictatour. | Under the worlds creatour. |
| Thy | My |
| Beauty | Duty |
| Far exceeds | Yet must needs |
| The reach of art, | Yield thee mine heart, |
| To blazon fully, | And that not dully : |
| And I thy light ecclipse, | Spirits of souls, not lips |
| When I most strive to raise | Alone, are fit to praise thee |
| (thee. | |

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| VVhat | That |
| Nothing | Slow thing |
| Else can be, | Time by thee |
| I thou only art; | Hath got the start, |
| The extracted spirit | And doth inherit |
| Of all Eternitie, | That immortalitie |
| By favour antidated. | VVhich sin anticipated. |

O
 That I
 Could lay by
 This body so,
 That my soul might be
 Incorporate with thee,
 And no more to fix dayes ow.

The

The Annunciation, or Lady day.

UNto the musick of the speares
Let men, and Angels, joyn in consort theirs,

So great a messenger,
From heaven to earth,
Is seldom seen,
Attir'd in so much glory,
A message welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been

Subject of any story :
This by a double right, if any may,
Be truly stil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost
So dear, by much, as to redeem it lost.

God said but, *Let it be,*
And ev'ry thing
Was made straightway.

So as he saw it good :
But e'er that he could see

A course to bring
Man gone astray

To the place where he stood;
His wisdom with his mercy, for man's sake,
Against his justice part did take.

And the result was this day's newes,
Able the messenger himself to amuse,

As well as her, to whom

By him 'twas told,

That though she were

A Virgin pure, and knew

No man, yet in her womb

The Synagogue.

A son she should
 Conceive and bear,
 As sure as God was true,
 Such high place in his favour she possessed,
 Being among all women blessed.

But blest especially in this,
 That she believ'd, and for eternal blisse
 Reli'd on him, whom she
 Her self should bear,
 And her own son
 Took for her Saviour.
 And if there any be,
 That when they hear,
 As she had done
 Sure their behaviour,
 They may be blessed, as she was, and say,
 'Tis their Annunciation day.

The Nativity, or Christmas day.

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
 Shine forth bright sun, double the day.
 Let no malignant misty fume,
 Nor foggy vapour, once presume
 To interpose thy perfect sight
 This day, which makes us love thy light
 For ever better, that we could
 That blessed object once behold,
 Which is both the circumference,
 And center of all excellence :
 Or rather neither, but a treasure
 Unconfined without measure,
 Whose center, and circumference,
 Including all preheminance,
 Excluding nothing but defect,

And

And infinite in each respect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where,
And alwayes, one, himself, the same
A being far above a name
Draw nearer then, and freely power
Forth all thy light into that hour,
VVhich was crowned with his birth,
And made heaven envy earth.

Let not his birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou shinest, and we see.

The Circumcision, or New-years day.

Sorrow beride my sins ! Must smart so soon
Seize on my Saviours tender flesh scarce grown
Unto an eighth days age ?
Can nothing else assuage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant blood,
Innocent infant, infinitely good !

Is this thy welcome to the world great God ?
No sooner born, but subject to the rod
Of sin-incensed wrath ?
Alas, what pleasure hath

Thy Fathers justice to begin thy passion,
Almost together with thine incarnation ?

Is it to antidate thy death ? T' indite
Thy condemnation himself, and write

The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is so good ?

Or, is't by this experiment to try,
VVhether thou beest born mortal, and canst dye ?
If man must needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stayes he not till thy time be come to dye ?
Did'st thou thus early bleed

For us to shew what need
 We have to hasten unto thee as fast,
 And learn that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true we should do so: Yet in this blood
 There's something else, that must be understood:

It scales thy covenant,
 That so we may not want

VVirtue enough against thee, that thou art
 Made subject to the Law, to act our part,

The sacrament of thy regeneration
 It cannot be; It gives no intimation

Of what thou wert, but we:

Native impurity;

Original corruption, was not thine,
 But onely as thy righteousness is mine,

In holy Baptism this is brought to me,
 As that in Circumcision was to thee:

So that thy losse and pain

Do prove my joy and gain,

Thy Circumcision writ thy death in blood:

Baptisme in water scales my livelihood.

O blessed change! Yet, rightly understood,
 That blood was water, and this water's blood.

VVhat shall I give again,

To recompence thy pain?

Lord, take revenge upon me for this smart:

To quit thy fore-skin, circumsise my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfth day.

Great, without controversie great,
 They that do know it will confesse

The mystery of godliness;

VVhereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flesh is manifest,
And that, which hath for ever been
Invisible, may now be seen,
Th' eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news :
And VVisemen guided by a Star,
To seek the Sun are come from far :
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from from his own ; but these,
Though strangers, his resplendent rayes
Of majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give ;
And worshipping him plainly shew,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vaile of flesh,
The sun of righteousness appears,
Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,
And making joyes spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence,
VVould work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
Exhale, and elevate me hence :

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others shine,
And guid them to that sunne divine,
VVhose day-light never shall expire.

The Passion, or Good Friday.

THIS day my Saviour dy'd : and do I live ?
VVhat hath not sorrow slain me yet ?
Did the immortal God vouchsafe to give

His

His life for mine, and do I set
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of blisse?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forsake his glorious throne,
And mount a crosse, the stage of infamy,
That so he might not dye alone,
But dying suffer more through grief and shame,
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude so far prevail,
To keep me living still? Alas!
Methinks some thorne out of his crown, some naille,
At least his speare, might pierce, and passe
Thorow, and thorow, till it riev'd mine heart,
As the right death-deserving part.

And doth he not expect it should be so?
VVould he lay down a price so great,
And not look that his purchases should grow
Accordingly? Shall I defear
His just desire? O no, it cannot be:
His death must needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did dye
That I might live: yet dyed so,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the gates of death must go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here-
Is a part in his death to bear.

Dye then, dull soule, and if thou canst not dye,
Dissolve thy self into a sea
Of living teares, whose streams may ne'r go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joyes, but those alone,
VVhich sorrow claimeth for its own.
For sorrow hath its joyes: and I am glad.

Thar

That I would grieve, if I do not ;
 But, if I neither could, nor would, be sad,
 And sorrowful, this day, my lot
 Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
 Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
 A greater grief than can be told :
 And like my grief for him no grief should be,
 If I could grieve so, as I would :
 But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
 And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
 For thou hast given them unto me :
 So my desires to grieve, and dye are thine,
 For they are wrought onely by thee.
 Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
 With that, which thou thy self hast rais'd.

The Resurrection, or Easter day.

UP, and away,
 Thy Saviour's gone before :
 Why dost thou stay,
 Dull soul ? behold the door
 Is open, and his precept bids thee rise,
 Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies.
 Say not, I live,

Whilst in the grave thou ly'st :
 He that doth give
 Thee life would have thee prize
 More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
 Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.
 Is rottenness,
 And dust so pleasant to thee,
 That happinesse,

And

And heaven, cannot woo thee
 To shake thy shackles off, and leave behind thee
 Those setters, which to death, and hell do bind thee?
 In vain thou say'st,
 Th' art bury'd with thy Saviour,
 If thou delay'st,
 To shew, by thy behaviour,
 That thou art risen with him; Till thou shine
 Like him, how canst thou say his light is thine?
 Early he rose,
 And with him brought the day,
 Which all thy foes
 Frighted out of the way:
 And wilt thou sluggard like turn in thy bed,
 Till noon-sun beams draw up thy drowfie head?
 Open thine eyes,
 Sin-seised soul, and see
 VVhat cobweb-eyes

They are, that trammel thee:
 Not profits, pleasures, honours, as thou thinkest;
 But losse, pain, shame, at which thou vainly winkest.
 All that is good
 Thy Saviour dearly bought,
 VVith his hearts blood;
 And it must there be sought,
 VVhere he keeps residence, who rose this day:
 Linger no longer then: up, and away.

The Ascension, or holy Thursday.

Mount, mount, my soul, and climbe, or rather flye,
 VVith all thy force on high,
 Thy Saviour rose not onely, but ascended:
 And he must be attended

Both in his conquest and his triumph too.

His gloryes strongly woove
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full lustre, untill both be there,

VWhere he now sits, not for himself alone,

But that upon his throne

All his redeemed may attendants be,

Robed, and crown'd as he.

Kings without courtiers are 'lone men, they say;

And do'st thou think to stay
Behind on earth, whilst thy King reignes in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happinesse bereaven?

Nothing that thou canst think worth having's here.

Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canst wish, to make thee truly blest.

And, above all the rest,

Thy life is hid with God in Jesus Christ,

Higher than what is high'st.

O grovel then no longer here on earth,

VWhere mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.

But towre, my soul, and soare above the skyes,

VWhere thy true treasure lies.

Though with corruption, and mortality

Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;

Yet thy fleet thoughts, and brightly wishes, may

Speedily glide away.

To what thou canst not reach, at least aspire,

Ascend, if not in deed, yet in desire.

Whitsunday.

N Ay, startle not to hear that rushing winde,

VWherewith this place is shaken:

Attend awhile, and thou shalt quickly find,

How much thou art mistaken;

If

The Synagogue.

If thou think here
Is any cause of fear.

See'st thou not how on those twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?

And, as the rumor of that wonder spreads,
The multitude admire
To see it: and
Yet more amazed stand

To hear at once so great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to say they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place such words to hear.

Mock not, prophane despisers of the spirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earnest he hath sent, who must inherit
All nations as his own,
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is ascended up on high
To his celestial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
Hee'll not receive alone,
But likewise give
Gifts unto all that live,

To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.

To fit them for which blessed state of glory,
This is his agent here:

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45

To publish to the world that happy story,
Always, and every where,

This resident

Embassadour is sent.

Heavens legier upon earth to counterwork

The mines that Satan made,

And bring to light those enemies, that lurk

Under sins gloomy shade :

That hell may not

Still boast what it hath got.

Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd,

Diversify of tongues

By this division of the sp'rit reliev'd :

And to prevent all wrongs,

One faith unites

People of different rites.

O let his intertainment then be such,

As doth him best besit :

VVhat ever he requireth think not much

Freely to yield him it :

For who doth this

Reapes the first fruits of blisse.

Trinity Sunday.

GRace, wit, and art, assist me ; for I see
The subject of this dayes solemnity

So far excels in worth,

That sooner may

I drain the sea

Or drive the day

VVith light away,

Than fully set it forth,

Except you joyn all three to take my part,

And chiefly grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay

Stray, busie soul, presume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend :

The Trinity

In Unity,

And Unity

In Trinity,

All reason doth transcend.

God Father, Sonne God, and God holy Ghost,
Who most admireth, magnifieth most.

And who most magnifies best understands,
And best expresseth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,

When most they try

To glorifie,

And raise on high,

Fall short, and lie

Groveling below : Mans giving

Is but restoring by retaile, with losse,
What from his God he first receiv'd in grosse.

Faith must perform the office of invention,
And Elocution struck with apprehension
Of wonder silence keep.

Not tongues, but eyes

Lift to the skies

In reverend wise,

Best solemnize

This day : whereof the deep

Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
Of wit to learn, much more of art to teach.

Then write *Non ultra* here ; Look not for leave
To speak of what thou never canst conceive

VVorthily, as thou shouldest :

And it shall be

Enough for thee,

The Synagogue.

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If none but he

Himself dath see,

Though thou canst not, thou wouldest
Make his praise glorious, who is alone
Thrice blessed one in three, and three in one.

Invitation.

Turn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place:
But thou canst make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace,
So furnished it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou shalt have,
It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to sin set ope the door,
It render'd was by me,
And so thy building was defac'd
And in thy roome another plac'd.
But he usurps, the right is thine:
O dispossesse him, Lord.
Do thou but say, this heart is mine,
Hee's gone at the first word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is alwayes, now's mine hour.

Now say to sin, depart:

And, *son give me thine heart.*

Thou, that by saying, *Let it be*, didst make it,
Canst, if thou wilt, by saying, *Give't me*, take it.

Comfort in Extremity.

A Las! my Lord is going,
Oh my woe!

C

I^t

It will be mine undoing ;

If he go

I'll run and overtake him :

If he stay,

I'll cry aloud, and make him

Look this way :

O stay, my Lord, my love, 'tis I.

Comfort me quickly, or I dye.

cheer up thy drooping spirits,

I am here.

Mine all-sufficient merits

Shall appear

Before the throne of glory

In thy stead :

I'll put into the story

What I did.

Lift up thine eyes : sad soul, and see

Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.

Alas ! shall I present

My sinfulnesse

To thee ? Thou wilt resent

The loathsomnesse,

Be not afraid, I'll take

Thy finnes on me,

And all my favour make

To shine on thee.

Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou must make me.

As I have made thee now, I take thee.

Resolution and Assurance.

Lord, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not ?
Beswore that not :

It was my sin begot

That question first : Yes, Lord, thou wilt :

Thy blood was spilt
To wash away my guilt.

Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not ?

Bethrew that not.

'Twas death's accursed plot

To put that question: Yes, I will,

Lord, love thee still,

In spite of all my ill.

Then life, and love continue still

We shall, and will,

My Lord and I, until,

In his celestial hill,

We love our fill,

When he hath purged all mine ill,

Vows broken and renewed.

Said I not so, that I would sin no more ?

Witnesse my God, I did;

Yet I am run again upon the score :

My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do ? Make vows, and break them still ?

'Twill be but labour lost ;

My good cannot prevail against mine ill :

The businesse will be crost.

O, say not so : thou canst not tell what strength

Thy God may give thee at the length :

Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,

Thy God will pardon all that's past. (may'st

Vow, whilst thou canst : while thou canst vow, thou

Perhaps performe it, when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,

Whilst he permits thee but to call :

Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy vows, and if thou break them weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again.
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again
I vow to mend my ways.
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.

Confusion.

O ! How my mind
Is gravel'd !
Not a thought
That I can find
But's ravel'd
All to nought.
Short ends of threds,
And narrow threds,
Of lists,
Knots snarled ruffles,
Loose broken tufts
Of twists,
Are my torne meditations ragged cloathing,
VVhich wound, and woven shape a sute for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again,
How can my soul
But famish
VVith this food?
Pleasures full bowle
Tastes rammish,
Taints the blood,
Profit picks bones,
And chews on stones
That choak:
Honour climbs hill,

The Synagogue.

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Fats not, but fills

VVith smoak.

And whilst my thoughts are greedy upon these,
They passe by pearles, and stoop to pick up pease.
Such wash and drasse is fit for none but swine:
And such I am not, Lord, if I am thine.

Cloath me anew, and feed me then afresh:

Else my soul dies famish'd, and starv'd with flesh.

A Paradox.

The worse the better.

WElcome mine health: this sickness makes me well.

Med'cins adieu:

VVhen with diseases I have list to dwell,

I'll wish for you.

VVelcome my strength: this weakness makes me able.

Powers adieu:

VVhen I am weary grown of standing stable,

I'll wish for you.

VVelcome my wealth: this loss hath gain'd me more.

Riches adieu:

VVhen I again grow greedy to be poor,

I'll wish for you.

VVelcome my credit: this disgrace is glory.

Honours adieu:

VVhen for renown, and fame I shall be sorry,

I'll wish for you.

VVelcome content: this sorrow is my joy.

Pleasures adieu:

VVhen I desire such griefes as may annoy,

I'll wish for you.

Health, strength, and riches, credit, and content,

Are spared best, sometimes, when they are spent :
 Sicknesse and weakenesse, losse, disgrace, and sorrow,
 Lend most sometimes, when they most seem to borrow.
 Blest be the hand, that helps by hurting, gives
 By taking, by forsaking, me, relieves.
 It in my fall my rising be thy will,
 Lord, I will say, *The worse the better still.*
 I'll speak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
 And let thy grace supply my want of wit.
 Leave me no learning that a man may see,
 So I may be a scholler unto thee.

Inmates.

AN house I had (an heart I mean) so wide
 And full of spacious roomes on every side,
 That viewing it I thought I might do well,
 Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
 Of what I could not use, to entertain
 Such guests as came: I did; But what befel
 Me quickly in that course, I sigh to tell.

A guest I had (alas ! I have her still)
 A great big-belly'd guest enough to fill
 The vast content of hell, Corruption.
 By intertaining her, I lost my right
 To more than all the world hath now in sight.
 Each day, each hour, almost, she brought forth one,
 Or other base-begot Transgression.

The charge grew great. I, that had lost before
 All that I had, was forced now to score
 For all the charges of their maintenance
 In doomes-day book : VVhoever knew't would say
 The least summe there was more than I could pay,
 VVhen first 'twas due, beside continuance,
 VVhich

Which could not chuse but much the debt en-
(hance.

To ease me first I wish't her to remove:
But she would not. I su'd her then above,
And begg'd the Court of heaven, but in vain,
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye or she;
And yet my death of no avails would be:
For one death I had dy'd already, then,
When first she liv'd in me: and now to dye
Another death again were but to rye,
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, ne'r looseth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of my self, had neither power nor will.
So desperate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still seem'd, my debts still greater grew;
The lesse I had to pay, the more was due.

The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismay'd.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill Corruption:
And many years agoe the deed was done,
His heart was pierc'd; out of his side there ran
Sins corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balme I begg'd, for pitties sake,
At mercies gate; where Faith alone may take,
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
Bounty said, Come. I heard it, and believed;
None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon Faith said instantly,
That thenceforth I should live, Corruption dye.

And so she dy'd, I live. But yet, alas !
We are not parted. She is where she was, (eyes,
Cleaves fast unto me still, looks through mine
Speaks in my tongue, and museth in my mind,
Works with mine hands : her body's left behind,
Although her soul be gone. My miseries
All flow from hence : from hence my woes arise.

I loath my self, because I leave her not :
Yet cannot leave her. No. she is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice :
And still, though dead, she both conceives and bears,
Many faults daily, and as many fears :
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with their deadly noise.

Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly stink,
And putrifie : How can I then but think
Corruption noysome, even mortifi'd ?
Though such she were before, yet such to me
She seemed not. Kind fools can never see,
Or will not credit, until they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft false intents do hide.

But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own secret filthinesse unask't,
To all that understand her. That do none,
In whom she lives embraced with delight :
She first of all deprives them of their sight :
Then dote they on her, as upon their own,
And she to them seems beautiful alone.

But woe is me ! One part of me is dead :
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto sin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.

The

The Synagist.

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The worse part of the better, oft doth win :
And, when I should have ended, I begin.

The sent would choak me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchsafeth to perfume the place,

V Vith odours of the spirit, which do ease me,
And counterpoise Corruption. Blessed spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,

And of my self Transgressions onely please me,
Adde grace enough being reviv'd to raise me.

Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Against thy right, what to my wrong I sold.

Having no state my self, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou say, avaunt ?

O speak the word, and make these inmates flee :
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

P Eace, rebel thought: do'st thou not know thy King,
My God, is here ?

Cannot his presence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear ?

Or were he absent, all the standers by
Are but his spies :

And well he knows, if thou should'st it deny,
Thy words were lyes.

If others will not, yet I must, and will,
My self complain.

My God, ev'n now a base rebellious thought
Began to move,

And subt'ly twincing with me wou'd have wrought
Me from thy love :

Faine he would have me to believe, that sin,
And thou might both

C 5

Take

The Synagogue.

Take up my heart together for your Inne,
 And neither loath
 The others company ; a while sit still,
 And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest,
 The fault is great,
 And I the guilty party have confest,
 I must be beat.
 And I refuse not punishment for this,
 Though to my pain ;
 So I may learn to do no more amisse,
 Nor sin again :
 Correct me, if thou wilt ; but teach me then,
 VVhat I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I hear thee say,
 That labours eas'd :
 The fault, that is confest, is done away,
 And thou art pleas'd.
 How can I sin again, and wrong thee then ;
 That do'st relent,
 And cease thine anger straight, as soone as men
 Do but repent ?
 No, rebel thought ; for if thou move again,
 I'll tell that too.

The losse.

THe match is made
 Between my love and me :
 And therefore glad,
 And merry, now I'll be.
 Come glory, crown
 My head,
 And pleasures drown
 My bed

Of

The Synagogue.

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Of thorns in down,

Sorrow, be gone,

Delight,

And joy alone

Befit

My honey-Moon.

Be packing now,

You comb'rous cares, and fears :

Mirth will allow

No roome to sighs and teares.

VVhilst thus I lay,

As raviſht with delight,

I heard one ſay,

So fools their friends requite.

I knew the voice

My Lords,

And at the noiſe

His words

Did make, aroſe.

I look'd, and ſpy'd

Each where,

And loudly cry'd,

My dear ;

But none reply'd ;

Then to my grief,

I found my love was gone,

VVithout relief

Leaving me all alone.

The Search

W^Hither, oh ! whither is my Lord departed ?

V^What can my love, that is ſo tender hearted,

Forſake the ſoul, which once he thorow darted,

As if it never ſmarted ?

No,

No, sure my love is here, if I could find him :
 He, that fills all can leave no place behind him.
 But oh ! my senses are too weak to find him :
 Or else I do not mind him,

O no, I mind him not so as I ought ;
 Nor seek him so as I by him was sought,
 When I had lost my self : he dearly bought
 Me, that was sold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me sound ;
 Lost him again, by whom I first was found :
 Him, that exalted me, have cast to th' ground ;
 My sins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, Oh ! tell me (thou alone canst tell)
 Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell :
 For, in thine absence heav'n it self is hell :
 VVithout thee none is well.

Or, if thou beest not gone, but onely hidest
 Thy presence in the place where thou abidest,
 Teach me the sacred art, which thou providest
 For all them, whom thou guidest,

To seek and find thee by. Else here I'll lie,
 Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,
 That onely unto thee for life do cry,
 Thou dy'st as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
 Then either both alive, or dead must be :
 At least I'll lay my death on thee, and see
 If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the judge thy self, I have
 Thy promise for it, which thou canst not vvave,
 That vvho salvation at thine hands do crave,
 Thou vvilt not fail to save.

Oh ! seek, and find me then, or else deny

Thy

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Thy truth, thy self. Oh! thou canst not lye
Shew thy self constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Loe, here I lye.

The Return.

Loe, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes. I see
'Tis he.

Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell:
And, now thou art returned, I am well.

By this I see I must
not trust

My joyes unto my self:
This self

Of too secure, and too presumptuous, pleasure
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.

Who would have thought a joy

So coy,
To be offended so,
And go

So suddainly away? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were annoying.

Hereafter I had need
Take heed.

Joyes, amongst other things,
Have wings,

And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.

But, is't enough for me
To be

Instructed to be wise?
I'll rise,

And

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwells with care.

He that his joyes would keep
Must weep;

And in the brime of tears;
And fears,

Must pickle them. That power will preserve;
Faith with repentance is the souls conserve.

Learn to make much of care :

A rare
And precious ballom 'tis
For blisse;

Which oft resides, where mirth with sorrow meets:
Heavenly joyes on earth are bitter-sweets.

Inundations.

WE talk of *Noahs* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may,

The Scriptures say,
The water did prevaile, the hills were under,
And nothing could be seen but sea.

And yet there are two other floods surpasse

That flood, as far,
As heav'n one star,
Which many men regard, as little, as
The ordinari' st things that are.

The one is sin, the other is salvation :

And vve must need
Confesse indeed.

That either is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed,

In *Noahs* flood he and his household liv'd :
And here abode
A whole Ark-load

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Of other creatures, that were then reptile'd :
All safely on the waters rode.

But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free :
Nay, even he,

That knew no sin, could not releese my thral,
But that he was made sin for me ;

And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train.

Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.

O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'rflow
In my soul so,

That thanfulnesse may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may over-grow.

Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire mans fall,

When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought to root out all.

Sinne.

SIn, I would fain define thee : but thou art
An uncouth thing :
All that I bring

To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.

I call thee the transgression of the law,
And yet I read,
That sin is dead.

Without the law; and thence its strength doth draw.

I say thou art the the sting of death. 'Tis true:

And

The Synagogue.

And yet I find
 Death comes behind;
 The work is done before the pay be due.
 I say thou art the devils work. Yet he
 Should much rather
 Call thee father:
 For he had been no devil but for thee.
 What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
 Right understood,
 Be names too good,
 I'll say thou art the quintessence of evil.

Travels at home.

Oft have I wish'd a traveller to be:
 Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,
 That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
 Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
 That never sayes enough; yet still was crost,
 When opportunities had promis'd most.
 At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandring elf,
 To straggle thus? Go travel first thy self.
 Thy little world can shew thee wonders great:
 The greater may have more, but not more neat
 And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
 Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy minde
 Europe supplies, and Asia thy will,
 And Affrick thine affections. And if still
 Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
 For both the Indies. Make no more pretences
 Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
 And nearest, little world is still unknown.
 Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,
 Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses.
 Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries;
 Close up thine annals, and thine histories.

Study

The Synagogue.

Study thy self, and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge so,
And thine own nearest, dearest, self not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
Whilst oft the soul payes for the bodies fare,
Travels at home are cheap, and safe. Salvation
Comes mounting on the wings of meditation.

*He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himself, needeth no further goe.*

The journey.

Life is a journey. From our mothers wombs,
As houses, we set out: and in our tombs,
As inns, we rest, til it be time to rise
Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty presumption and hell-deep despair
Make our way dangerous, though seeming fair.
The world, with its inticements fleet and fly,
Slabbers our steps, and makes them slippery.
The flesh, with its corruptions, clogs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of lusts unmeet.
The devil where we tread, doth spread his snares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footsteps are our thoughts, our words, our works!
These carry us along; in these there lurks
Envy, lust, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turning to perdition.
One while we creep amongst the thorny brakes
Of wordly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to see us pierce our selves with sorrow
To day, by thinking what may be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow, in
Puddles of pleasure; and we never lin
Daubing our selves, with dirty dam'd delights,
Till self-begotten pain our pleasure frights.

Some

Sometimes we scramble to get up the banks
 Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
 To step before our fellows: though, they say,
 He soonest tyeth, that stil leads the way.
 Sometimes, when others juggle and provoke us,
 VVe stir that dust our selves, that serves to choak us,
 And raise those tempests of contention, which
 Blow us beside the way into the ditch.
 Our minds should be our guides: but they are blind,
 Our wills out-run our wits, or lagge behind.
 Our furious passions, like unbridled jades,
 Hurry us headlong to th' infernal shades.
 If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
 Eternal death will be our journeys end.

Engines.

MEn often finde, when nature's at a stand,
 And bath in vain try'd all her utmost strength,
 That art, her ape, can reach her out an hand,
 To piecè her power's With to a full length,
 And may not grace have means enough in store,
 VVherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: she hath engines of ev'ry kind,
 To work, what art and nature, when they vie,
 Stupendious miracles of wonder find,
 And yet must needs acknowledg to be true;
 So far transcending all their pow'r and might,
 That they stand ev'n amazed at the sight.

Take but three instances; faith hope, and love.
 Souls help'd by the perspective glasse of faith.
 Are able to perceive what is above
 The reach of reason: yea, the scripture saith,
 Ev'n him that is invisible behold,
 And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith looks into the secret cabinet
Of Gods eternal counsels, and doth see
Such mysteries of glory there, as let
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the same image, and appear
So altered, as if themselves were there.

Faith can raise earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extremes to meet,
Felicite and miserie, can crown
Reproach with honour, season sowre with sweet.

Nothing's impossible to faith: a man
May do all things, that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raise the heart
Above it self in expectation

Of what the soul desireth for its part:

Then, when its time of transmigration

Is delay'd longest, yet as patiently

To wait, as if it were answer'd by and by.

V When grief unweildy grows, hope can abate

The bulk to what proportion it will:

So that a large circumference of late

A little center shall not reach to fill.

Nor that, which gyant-like before did strout,

Be able with a pigmy's pace to hold out.

Hope can disperse the thickest clouds of night,

That fear hath overspread the soule withal,

And make the darkest shadows shine as bright,

As the Sun-beams spread on a silver wall.

Sin-shaken souls Hope anchor-like holds steady,

V When storms and tempests make them more than
(giddy.

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able

To travel through the worlds wide wilderness;

And burdens seeming most intollerable

Both to take up, and bear with cheerfulness.

To do, or suffer, what appears in sight
Extreamly heavy, love will make most light.

Yes, what by men is done, or suffered,
Either for God, or else for one another,
Though in self it be much blemished
VVith many imperfections, which smother,
And drown, the worth, and weight of it, yet fall
VVhat vvill, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, vvhich were otherwise,
Or would be both divers, and distant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or vvhatsoever size
Eternitie is of, or happiness,
Love comprehends it all, bec't more, or lesse.

Give me this three-fold cord of graces then,
Faith, hope, and love, let them possesse mine heart,
And gladly I'll resign to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.
To mount a soul, and make it still stand stable,
These are alone Engines incomparable.

TO

TO
My Reverend friend the
Author of the *Synagogue*.

S I R.

I Lov'd you for your Synagogue, before
I knew your person; but now love you more;
Because I finde

It is so true a picture of your minde :

VWhich tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire;
VWhere holy Herbert sits
(O shame to prophane wits)

And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
Of him that is the first and last of dayes.

These holy Hymnes had an Etberral birth:
For they can raise sad souls above the earth
And fix them there

Free from the worlds anxieties and feare.

Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this : ev'ry how'r
I read you kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in

To fight against it : and the holy ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.

This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The prince of Peace approves. VWhen we poor men
Neglect our armes.

VV'are circumvested with a world of harmes.

But I will watch, and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you,
And Herbert, and renew

My vows, and say, Well fare his, and your heart,
The fountains of such sacred wit and art.

It. W. A.

TO
His Ingenious friend, the
Author of the *Synagogue*; upon his
Additional Church-Utensils,

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch-stone's bold
To question the more Noble gold;
: As I, at your command,
Put forth my blushing hand
To try these Raptures, sent to my poor Test;
But since your Question's, Are they like the rest?
I say they are the best:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confess.

But Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeere,
Thus much affirm I do,
They'r like the father too;
And you like him whose sublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I stoop at stars that shine below my head.

Herbert! whose every strain
Twists holy Breast with happy Brain;
So that vvhoe strives to be
As elegant as he,

Mult

The Synagogue.

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Must climbe mount *Calvary* for *Parnassus* Hill,
And in his saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit t'instill
A Saint-like stile, back't with an Angels skill,

He vvas our *Solomon*,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him vve aue,
Our Synagogue to you:
VWhere, if your piety so much allow
That structure vvith these ornaments t' endovv,
All good men vvil avovv,
Your Synagogue, built before, is furnish't novv.

J. L.

SIR,

SIR,

WHile I read your lines, me thinks I spie,
Churches, and Church-men, and the old
(Hierarchie,
VVhat potent charms are these! You have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've lost vvhhat vvas bestowed on Judah's Prince,
And am novv vvhvhere I vvas thrice five years since.
The mid-spacv shrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
And times, and all look, just as they did then.
Rubbish and ruins vanish'e, every vvhere
Order and comelinesse afresh appear.
VVhat cannot Poets do! They change vvith ease
The face of things, and lead us as they please.
Yet here's no fiction neiber. VVe may see
The Poet, Prophet; his Verse, Historie.

Jan. 1. 1654.

A. S.

FINIS.

